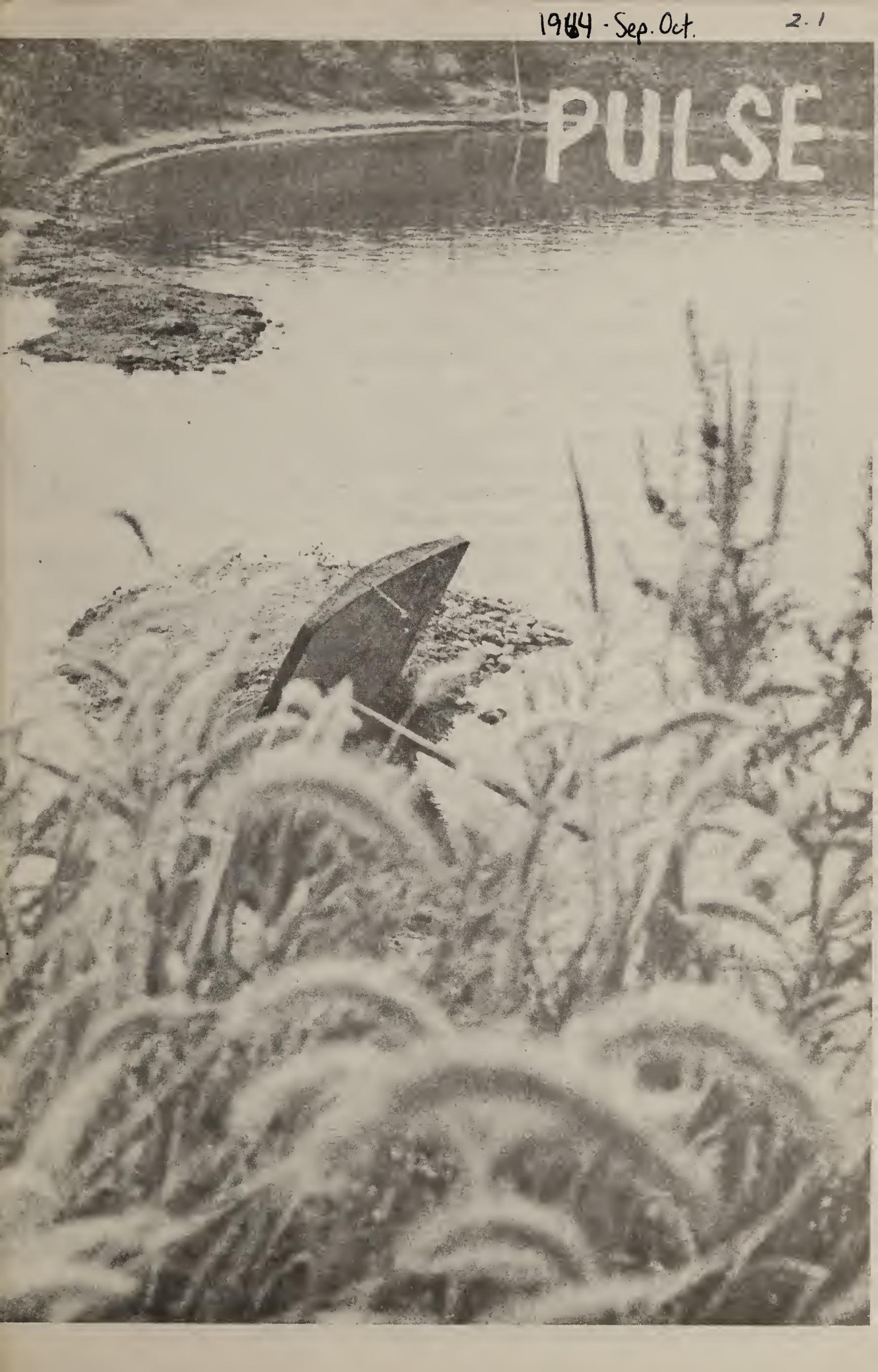


1964 - Sep. Oct.

2.1

PULL OF





....with the editor

Why don't we get more freetime than we do? This is a question I've heard many times and tried to answer for myself, but there is, I believe, a more appropriate and a less asked question: "What should we do with the freetime we already have?" Many will quickly reply that it's freetime so we're free to do anything we please within the bounds of our rule and the Ten Commandments. This is true; however, there are certain bounds to this "anything" that we're free to do. Theoretically every minute of our lives is to be spent doing something that will improve ourselves as far as God is concerned. We're going to have to account for every second of free period just as much as we'll be held responsible for every minute of our study period.

Here at Saint Joe's we have many opportunities besides our regular school work to improve ourselves. One extracurricular responsibility that we have is to keep ourselves physically fit. Our bodies are just as important as our minds and it is up to us to get the proper exercise to keep ourselves in shape. There are IM's and Xavier leagues to help us but we must co-operate.

We have the freedom to develop a skill we may have. There is a Photo Club, an Astronomy Club, a Ceramics Club, and certainly other potential clubs that could be started. The recently established Xavier Dramatics Club offers the long-desired opportunity for Xavierites to gain experience in the field of drama. Action, not opportunity, is needed.

The TV can also be an instrument of entertainment and improvement-- if we use it properly. We cannot become addicted to watching it (in this case we call it the "boob tube") just because it's available. We have a certain amount of freedom with the TV and it becomes our duty to properly moderate that freedom, so that it becomes a benefit for us.

PULSE Sept-Oct 1964 Vol. 2, no. 1 cover by Jerry Stack
 Managing Editor: Tom Hamm; Associate Editors: Dave Sudy, Mike Walro (feature); Jerry Stack, Don Knueve (news); Harry Hiegel, Bob Zimmerman (sports); Art Editor: Marcus Tesson; Production Manager: Jim Heasley; Photography: Jerry Stack; Business Manager: George Hamlin; Artists: Svitak, Swigart; Typists and Writers: conscripted from Xavier's volunteer department; Moderator: Father James P. McKay, C.Pp.S.

Also, perhaps on the more cultural side, we should take advantage of concerts, plays, and the like which are offered here on campus. Here again our prudence passes or flunks an exam. We might look upon a Shakespearean Drama as a lesser of two evils (study hall being a loser in the popularity contest). We should make the effort to take in such cultural events considering the importance of our studies in the proper perspective.

The book discussions sponsored by the English club fall in much the same category. They are very interesting and educational in themselves but our duty toward our formal study must not be neglected. The Dean's lecture series presents still another help that we can use to better ourselves.

In the course of this article, we've drifted a little from free time into study period but the idea still remains. We have many opportunities to better ourselves. It just takes a little prudence and initiative to find and use them.

Letter from the Editor

Dear Reader,

Pulse does not pretend to have the answers to many questions. This magazine exists as a means whereby your opinions may be expressed.

In the future this page and as many other pages as may be needed will be used for your opinions in the form of letters to the editor. We will print every letter addressed to the editor of PULSE unless you ask that your letter not be printed.

Obviously we may not agree with all the opinions that may be expressed in these letters as well as in various other articles; however, we realize that this is your paper and your means of expressing your opinion and that you have all the right to it.

Don't hesitate to write letters. You may want to throw bricks. You may want to throw roses. But whatever you do, **THROW!!!**

Sincerely,
The editor



Back at Brunnerdale some of us sometimes complained that we had trouble getting to sleep with that "bright" night light on. Well, in fact, the same complaint arose here under the boisterous circumstances of a student body meeting. Why don't we have any trouble getting to sleep with all of the chapel lights on?

NEWS highlights

NEW FACES ON FACULTY

Over the past summer, five priests have made St. Joe's their home or base of operation.

Fr. Richard Kissner, from Defiance, Ohio, has become the Assistant Dean of Admissions after serving in various parishes since his ordination in 1952.

Ordained in 1956, Fr. Edward Joyce from Cleveland, Ohio, comes to St. Joe's to join the Religion Department. After receiving his S.T.L. from the Angelicum University, Rome, in 1957, his S.S.L. from the Biblical Institute, Rome, in 1959, and his Doctorate in Sacred Theology again from Angelicum University in 1960, he then taught on the staff of St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. He is presently teaching sacred scripture.

Fr. Philip Gilbert, ordained in 1960, has now returned to the faculty after his short absence to obtain a Master's Degree from the University of Illinois, which is his native state. Presently an instructor in mathematics, Fr. Gilbert is also the Assistant Dean of Men under Father Shields.

For Fr. Joseph Lima, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, ordained in 1944, St. Joe's is

only a base of operation because he spends most of his time giving retreats and missions in the Detroit area.

The Staff of PULSE and the entire Xavier student body wish to welcome these priests to St. Joe's campus.

Jim Urbanic

MESCHER CHOSEN PRINCE

On September 7 student council president elections were held at Xavier. Jim Mescher was elected by a narrow margin over Tom Hamm to the office of Student Council President, commonly known as the "Student Prince."

Later in the week, the two classes met separately to choose their presidents and vice-presidents. The sixth years voted Don Knueve and Jim Gettig president and vice-president respectively. The president and vice-president of the sixth-year class also serve as vice-president and treasurer of the student council. The fifth years chose Bill Stuchal for their president and Ed Robbins for vice-president. They will serve as secretary and assistant treasurer of the student council.

After these elections were over, the two classes met in the rec room to elect minor officials for the year. Hei-

are the results: Tom Hemm, PULSE editor; John Pichitino, rec room manager; Jerry Patterson, assistant rec room manager; Jim Urbanic, park commissioner; Jerry Ivacic, sports commissioner and IM representative; Bob Zimmerman, assistant sports commissioner; Mike Gude, swimming commissioner; and Mike Zimmerle, Xavier league football commissioner.

Congratulations!



HOOTENNANY

On Sunday night, Sept. 12, a Hootennany was held at Xavier Park. This was the last chance for the mongies to have some fun before school resumed. Even though it was quite chilly that night, the Hootennany got off to a fine start and was still going strong on "Twist and Shout" after many had gone back to the hall.

The music was furnished by four members of the fifth-year class: Ed Stith on the guitar, Jim Heasley on the banjo, Marc Tecson on the electric guitar, and Bob Sieben on the ukulele. The

choice of songs ranged from classical folk music to modern pop tunes.

"Elves" Ruffner's rendition of "George and Babe" also proved to be an entertaining highlight of the evening.

Thanks are due especially to Meshcer and Knueve and the four singers for preparing the show on such short notice.

John Pichitino

BUSTING OUT ALL OVER

The Xavier student body this year numbers seventy-four. Twenty-three of these are sixth-year students, and the remaining fifty-one are fifth-years.

EYER-CHICK BELL TELEPHONE, INC.

Through the efforts of Messrs. Ivacic, Eyerman, and Hemm, an interphone between Xavier and the "X" has been installed. This phone should prove to be a great convenience.

MUSICAL MONGIES ENTERTAIN

Two Xavier groups entertained the assembly at the President's reception on October 4. The "Blue J's," a group of fifth-year folk singers sang four selections. The group consisted of: Ed Stith, Marc Tecson, Jim Heasley, and Bob Sieben.

The second group, "The Bartenders," sang three barber shop melodies. The four "Bartenders" were: Don Knueve, Tom Hemm, Dave Sudy, and Mike Eyerman.

XAVIER TAKES TO THE STAGE

At a recent student body meeting Xavierites voted in the proposal to start a drama club here at Xavier. Membership in the club will be voluntary, and as soon as this year's members have signed up a meeting will be called to elect a chairman for the club.

XAVIER DISPLAY WELL DONE

Because of the capable direction of Jim Urbanic, and the careful art work of Marc Tecson, Jerry Svitek, and Ray Sweigart, this year's Homecoming display was one of the best ones made. Mike Manly and Tom Bear worked together to construct the plane. Jerry Ivacic, Mike Simon, and John Freas also put in much time on the project. Actually there were many in the hall who pitched in and helped with the work. This co-operation was greatly appreciated.



SJC HOSTS SINGERS

On Friday afternoon, September 25, the "Eastgate Singers" offered an entertaining hour and a half of folk music in the SJC auditorium.



LOYAL TO THE GOP

Two of Xavier's staunch Republican followers joined in with their fellow AuH₂Oers to take a political opinion poll in Rensselaer. John Pichitino and Bill Monaghan made ten house calls and talked with a hundred people in a downtown super-market. Out of the hundred, thirty-one favored Goldwater; fourty-six favored Johnson. The other twenty-three were undecided.

NEW TEACHERS

The Rensselaer grade children face a new set of religion teachers for this first semester. Replacing the old favorites: Rich, Aves, Fats, and Lowell are Harry Hiegel, Bob Cassey, and Jim Nies. Our budding teachers go in on Saturday mornings to teach religion to those who attend public schools.

BP's report

POSTULANCY MOVES TO SJC

For many years a young man studying for the brotherhood spent his one year as a brother postulant at Saint Mary's Novitiate, Burkettsville, Ohio. As of September 1, 1964 this one year as a Brother Postulant will be spent here at Saint Joseph's College. The reasons for this change are numerous. The Provincial, while talking to the Brother Candidates at Brunnerdale Seminary on March 19, stated the reasons very clearly. Among them were: better on-the-job training, more cultural events, and making the Precious Blood Brothers better known among tomorrow's leaders, just to name a few. So with your help we can make this new setup prove very successful. Steve Baker, BP

FR. WEIGEL REPLACES FR. GREVENCAMP, POSTULANT MASTER

During this past summer another change took place in the program of a brother postulant. Fr. Ray Grevencamp was transferred to director of the Brothers at Saint Charles Seminary. His replacement was Fr. Edmund Weigel. Father was stationed at Saint Mary's Parish in Nebraska City for six years before his recent transfer. Father was ordained in 1958.

Vincent Nartker, BP

TEN BROTHER POSTULANTS:

FIVE ARRIVE FROM SJH

On September 1, eleven Brother Postulants reported to Collegeville. The five returning from Saint Joseph Hall at Brunnerdale Seminary after four years as a Brother Candidate under the direction of Father Carl A. Wise, C.P.P.S. are: Robert Ruffner, Vincent Nartker, Lawrence Bueter, Steven Baker, and James Santomieri. The five new postulants are: Gerald Parick, Joseph Curry, Charles Grande, Michael Gitzinger, and Robert Brandt.

Larry Bueter, BP

BROTHER ALPHONSE ASSISTANT POSTULANT MASTER

During the summer Brother Alphonse was named to assist Father Weigel in the task of developing the Brother Postulants. Brother was professed in 1959. Brother is also in charge of the Janitorial Department of the entire college campus. This is his fourth year stationed at Saint Joe's.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

We welcome any comments or the articles or questions about the Brother Postulant program or concerning the Brother Seminarians, Parents, Relatives, and Friends, address your comment or question to: BP's report to PULSE. They will be printed in this article with your permission.

Steve Baker, BP

Current Comment

THE NEW LITURGY: WHY AM I FOR IT?

If I had gone to Mass three years ago, and had seen what I saw on Sunday, Sept. 20, in the chapel on the campus of St. Joseph's College, I would not have believed that I was in a Catholic Church.

The priest entered the church from the rear, just as I had done. As he made his way to the altar, the congregation sang a hymn of praise to God in English. Together, with the celebrant, we all said the Kyrie, the Gloria, the Credo, the Sanctus, and the Agnus Dei. At the Offertory, he offered to God the hosts we had placed in the ciborium as we entered the church. The commentator sang the Offertory petitions in English, asking God for graces pertaining to the congregation at the end of each petition, all sang, "Lord have mercy." During Communion, the choir sang petitions in English. To each of these, the congregation responded, "The Lord is my Shepherd. He leads me to His holy table." A hymn of thanksgiving was sung in English at the last gospel.

For once, the priest did not turn his back on me, seeming to exclude me from the Mass. He stood facing me over God's banquet table, the table on which he would prepare the Bread of Life for OUR sacramental meal. I did not feel that I was a mere spectator, but that I was an integral part of the Holy sacrifice.

This knowledge that I am truly participating in the Mass, that I am actively giving glory to God, that I am even NEEDED in order for the Mass to be a wholly pleasing sacrifice to God is what makes the new liturgy tremendously meaningful to me. I look forward to the day when English is incorporated into the Mass so that I can speak to God in my language. I look forward to the day when the other proposed changes take place so that I can become even more involved in knowing, loving, and serving God through the sacred liturgy.



DMU in the NEWS

The Dwenger Mission Unit is a club whose main object is to study the problems of the home and foreign missions and to help them either temporarily or spiritually. This objective is fulfilled through study of the problems, to make the members aware of the problems which do exist; and through work, by which they are enabled to send the missionaries money or other needed supplies.

In order to learn about the problems of the home and foreign missions, the Unit is divided into what are called viewpoints. These viewpoints are sub-units of the DMU and their chief aim is to gain knowledge of some particular phase of the Church's work. There are several different units studying such things as Juvenile Delinquency, Contemporary Moral Problems, Seminary Dropouts, Communism, The Liturgy and Music, Domestic and Foreign Missions, and Interracial Problems. These units give the members an opportunity to express their own views on these problems and a chance to hear other peoples' views on these same problems. The variety of opinion which they offer is important in the formation of a well-rounded man.

A work club is another sub-unit of the DMU which has as

its main objective the purpose of raising funds or of making supplies (such as rosaries) for the missions. There are three work clubs: the Grotto Club, which takes care of the Campus Grotto; the Stamp Club, which sorts and sells used stamps; and the Rosary Club, which makes rosaries to be sent to the missions. Most of the income is made by the Grotto Club, the Stamp Club, and by donations. All of the profit which is made is later mailed to missionaries who have requested it from the Unit.

John Newbauer

PRESIDENT SPEAKS

The first DMU meeting of this school year was held on Sunday, September 20. First on the agenda was John Newbauer's acceptance speech. The gist of his speech is contained in his opening words: "One of the growing topics of contemporary Catholic writing is the isolation of our seminaries. . We spend too much time within our cloistered cells studying Latin, Greek, and other apparently outdated and unnecessary subjects. The charge is that we are too isolated from society to be able to face the real world of normal and abnormal people after eight to twelve years (continued on page 18)

A cool breeze blew gently eastward across the large, yawning midwestern city toward the sleepy suburb of Elmwood. The small township was beginning to stretch as its upper middle class inhabitants began to prepare for another day, a day composed of unconscious routine, plagued with domestic problems, and affected little by world problems.

The fresh breath of cool air, indicative of a change of weather, made its chartered but lazy route around and through the rows of houses. Men on their way to the city acknowledged

MY BIG DAY

its presence with only a slight comment, and housewives' only reactions were to close their windows and adjust the thermostat. However, the breeze did find an open window and blew into a bedroom where a young man in his early twenties slept. Apparently feeling suddenly chilled, he unconsciously pulled on his stubborn covers. This effort slowly awakened him and he lay back in desperation. He wondered what day it was and searched for a reason to leave his bed.

Suddenly he jumped out of bed and slipped into his pants which were strewn over a chair nearby. Not bothering to put on his shoes, he walked down the carpeted hallway leading to his mother's bedroom and excitedly rapped on her door.

"Mom! Mom! It's me, Fred. I wanna talk to ya."

"I'm down here in the kitchen. If you want to talk with me you come down here and let your two brothers sleep."

As Fred came downstairs, his mother's countenance betrayed her surprise. "What are you doing up so early, Fred?"

"This is my big day. Is breakfast ready?"

"What do you mean your 'big day'? The only thing that would be big for you today is for you to find a job. I don't want to be a nag; but, ever since you quit school, you have been sitting around the house doing nothing. You're a bad influence on your brothers."

"I know it's been hard on you, Mom; but, when Dad was shot by the cops, I figured I had to take over his responsibility."

"Quitting school was no way to show responsibility. Come into the kitchen and I'll fix breakfast for you. I have some pancake batter from yesterday in the icebox."

"But, Mom, I don't have time for that."

"What is all this rushing around? Sit down and tell me what this is all about."

by BILL
MONAGHAN

They went into the well-furnished living room, but Fred could not sit down. He began to pace up and down before his anxious mother.

"Yesterday I went down to the gym where Dad used to exercise to see if any of his old friends had a job for me, and—"

His mother leaped up shouting, "What the heck were you hanging around those men for? I've tried to keep you away from that sort of thing. Don't get mixed in with that crowd."

"Mom, you don't understand. Those men are business men. They have a job to do for the syndicate and they do it. They worked their way up, and that's what I aim to do."

"No you're not. I never got involved with your father's work and neither are you. I was a good wife, and he was a good father and husband. His work had nothing to do with the family."

"You're wrong there, Mother. His business provided for the family. He always said that it was a rough world and you had to be rough to get a piece of it."

"Your father wasn't that way, Fred. He was always kind and gentle at home."

"He was soft at home because he said that was the way a home should be-- a safe place to come in from the world. That's just the way life is, Mom. That's the way my life is going to be."

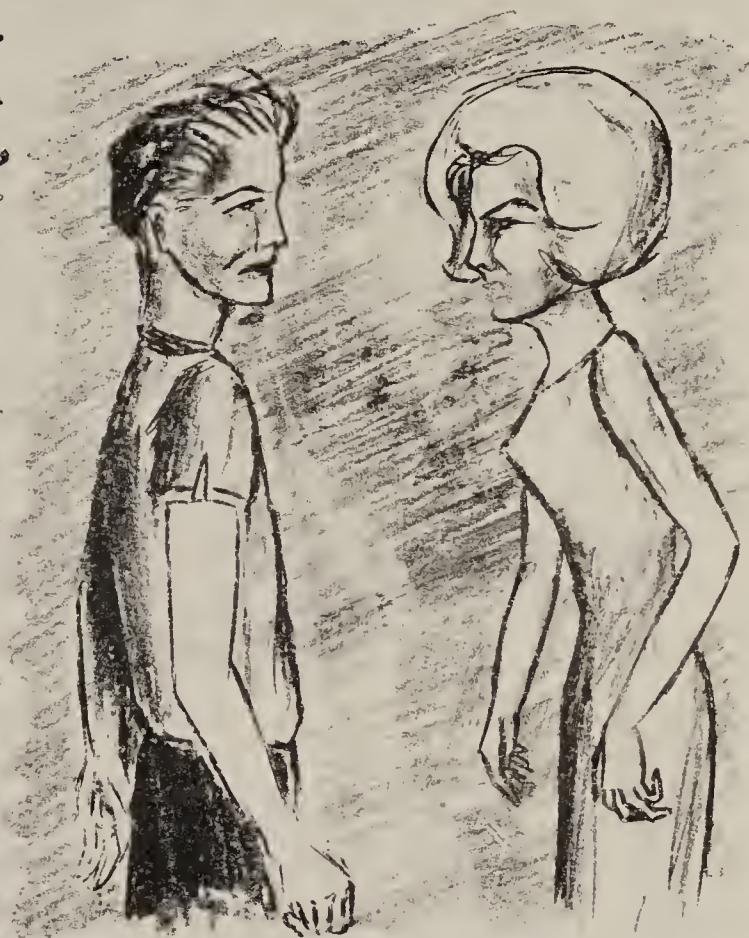
"Who do you think you're talking to? You're trying to tell me that your father rested when he was home? He was always ill at ease." She sat down again and lit a cigarette.

"Mom, Dad was always joking and laughing; and there was nothing he wouldn't do for us kids and you."

"Look Sonny, your father put on a good show during the day, but he couldn't sleep nights because of that lousy music as of his."

"You always had a tendency to exaggerate. Look, I'll have the best teachers in the business so you don't have to worry about me. Dad didn't even have that."

She stood up again wildly waving her arms. "Don't be stupid. Your father started in times different from now, hard times. He had little chance of any other life, but you have a chance to break away from that sort of thing. That's why he did some of the things he did-- in order to keep you and your brothers away from the influences he had as a boy." She crushed



d her cigarette out and pointed a shaky finger at her son. "I would rather see you dead than lead your father's life ever again."

Fred's face turned red and his veins twitched as he shouted, "I would rather be dead than miss this chance. You'll change your mind when I'm at the top!" He ran upstairs to his room and finished dressing and took the keys to his car. As he ran downstairs, his mother stood waiting for him.

"Where are you going," she demanded.

"I'm going to a man who said he was a friend of Dad's. He said his name was Mr. Stone and that he would have a job for me if I stopped by today, but what do you care?"

"Please, Son, please don't go."

"Mother, you don't understand; this is my big day." He turned and hurriedly went out the door to his car. With a sigh of relief, he drove off.

His mother went into the living room and clumsily lit another cigarette and then put it out again. She dried her eyes which continued to be moistened by tears.

"Why are you crying, Mom?" said a familiar voice. It was her youngest son standing before her in his pajamas.

"Never mind. Where's your brother?"

"Mike's getting dressed. Why? Where's Fred?"

"Go to your room and stay there for an hour. Tell Mike that also."

"Aw, Mom,---"

"Just go to your room."

As he went upstairs, she called her brother on the phone. "John? This is Mary. I can't explain too much now, but I need your help. Fred went out to Stone's house to get a job. Do you know him? I thought you would. Well, would you drop by his house at once and bring Fred home? He'll listen to you. Please John. Thank you. And tell Mr. Stone to lay off Fred. Thanks again, John."

* * *

A phone receiver slammed down in a hallway of an east-side mansion. "Who was that on the phone, Mr. Stone?" asked a tall, thin man who served as both butler and secretary to the short, stout man standing beside the phone.

"A friend. Now--," just then the doorbell ran, "Answer that, Collins. Never mind, I'll get it myself." He opened the door and he was surprised to see a somewhat familiar looking lad on his doorstep. "What do you want kid?"

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Stone? I'm Fred King. You told me to stop by about a job. You said you knew my father."

Proverbial Proverbs

AND TO THESE THE LORD SAITH:

And it came to pass early in the morning of the last day of the semester there arose a multitude smiting their books and wailing. And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth, for the day of judgment was at hand and they were sore afraid. For they had left undone those things which they ought to have done and had done those things which they ought not to have done and there was no help for them. And there were many abiding in their rooms who had kept watch over their books all night, but it naught availeth. But some there were who arose peacefully for they had prepared for themselves the way, and made straight the path of knowledge. And there were the wise, who were called curve lousers. And the multitudes arose and ate a hearty breakfast, and they came into the appointed place, and their hearts were heavy within them. And they had come to pass, but some, to pass out. And some of them repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate, but they had not a prayer. And at last there came among them one known as the instructor, he of the diabolical smile, and passed paper among them and went his way. And many and varied were

the answers which were given, for some of his teachings had fallen among fertile minds, others had fallen among the fallows, while still others had fallen flat. And some there were who wrote for an hour, others wrote for two, but some turned away sorrowful. And many of these offered up a little "bull" in hopes of pacifying the instructor, for these were the ones who had not a prayer. And when they had finished, they gathered up their belongings, and went away quietly, each in his own direction, and each one vowing to himself in this manner: "I shall not pass this way again."

DID YOU EVER NOTICE..

• how profs seem to get together and decide dates for their tests-- making them coincide? This happens to me and every once in a while I have to study during free period. I don't mind that especially, but try to find a place to study! Study hall would be a practical choice. After all, I have all my books there. It usually reminds me of the recreation room of an insane asylum though. I've always wondered if guys get a bigger thrill when they yell and throw things around in study hall rather than outside. I always thought that study hall should be quiet like a library. Oh, maybe some day things will change.

DEATH TAG VIBUS → by J.V.

Aha, yes, summer is wisking away. The birds are leavng, the leaves are falling, nd other such things are appening. With this climatic ampering of the nice weather, nds that "salty" old game verryone knows as "Ball Tag."

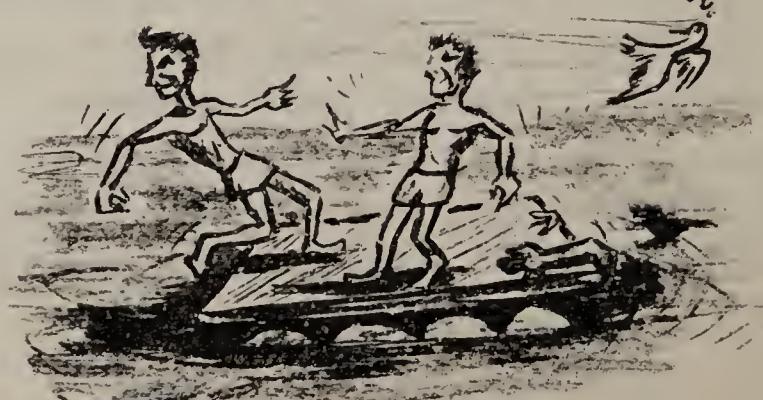
If you have never ven-ured out to the raft on a unday afternoon, you are nobtably still in good health, however, daily took the sk and decided to try my uck. There are only two ilos necessary for playing nice, cheery, friendly (N.B. these adjectives used only in rosy) game: first, that you e off the raft while throwng the ball; second, that ou possess superhuman strength or swim back to hore.

Earlier this summer, when he now semi-quasi major monies were still enjoying the ounties of Jasper County, ball tag went like this: you st on the raft. You were en thrown off by Hartke, red (when not reading Perry acon), Post, or Fats. Repeat thirty times. Finally someone it you with the ball (prob-ably Neal or Hemm) just as ou were giving Fred the shove off." You then went in or the thirty-first time as man threw the ball just st the dredging equipment. general rest period was allled as you made the long

trek after the slushy-white volleyball. In other words - the ball is occasionally employed between pushing, shoving, dunking, swimming, sinking, and drowning.

However, variations creep in during the course of a summer. After several attempts, Fr. Ranly climbed aboard the raft to give us his interpretation of ball tag. (If my description of the variation becomes boring you can always turn to something more interesting, like the phone directory or the libar.) Anyway, when Fr. Ranly was in possession of the ball (meaning he was "it"), he pushed another person off the raft with himself and the ball. This automatically made the other person "it". He also nobtably avoided the rule of no taps back until you get back on the raft. His variation didn't fare so well at first, but it now falls under the heading "Dirty Playing."

The biggest variation though, came after the fifth years passed their tests. Ball tag entrees jumped from twelve to threy-five. Of course, the "regulars" were out there (Honk, Kintuck, Msees, and Ivan), but the object of the game changed to trying to keep the raft afloat. Many times the



DEAN'S



LECTURES

This year an entirely new freshman orientation program has been established at Saint Joseph's College. This program, known as the Dean's Lectures, consists of a series of lectures dealing with college education or related topics given by various members of the faculty. In preparation for the lectures various assigned readings and essays must be completed by the student. Informal, non-compulsory coffee hours are also scheduled after each lecture so that the students may become acquainted with the faculty and discuss their problems, questions, and so forth with them.

To quote from the orientation booklet, this program has been established "for the purpose of preparing the new student for a richer and more meaningful college experience." And, with proper co-operation, of course, this program should accomplish its goal, for it has been quite carefully planned by the Orientation Committee.

The thought and care which went into the organization of the Dean's Lectures is clearly evidence in the orientation booklets. It consists of a general introduction to the

lecture series followed by sections dealing with the lectures individually. These sections contain a list of the required and recommended readings for each lecture, and also contain any required readings not found in the basic "text" for the series, Pauk's How to Study in College. A feature I particularly liked was the short but informative biographical sketch of each speaker.

Since Xavier freshmen are not required to attend this lecture series, many of them, as well as many sophomores, will think that they contain "stuff we've already heard, etc., etc." Of course, this may be partially true, but this is no reason for not attending because there is also much that has not been heard before in them. On the other hand, I will not be so foolish as to suggest that everyone drag himself over to the auditorium to listen to every lecture, because to listen to a lecture without any interest in it is a sheer waste of time. My suggestion is simply this: pick out the lecture or lectures that you think would be of interest to you. Then get some information on the lecture from an orientation booklet. If you can, do the required readings, and then attend the lecture with an open mind. Perhaps you could even go to the coffee hour afterwards. Your education may be all the richer for it.

Jerry Stack

BY THE POWER INVESTED

The cheerful predawn chirping was suddenly drowned out, as the melodic bells in St. Rose's majestic church tower rang out the morning Angelus. Fr. Bradley hurriedly descended the rectory stairs buttoning the bottom four buttons of his soiled cassock with his right hand, and balancing in his left hand the sweating cruet, which was filled with cool altar wine. It was the third time this week that he had overslept; however, he confidently assured himself the few regular attendents of the six o'clock Mass would readily excuse his tardiness. For surely they must realize a priest is a human being as themselves, who is subject to trivial errors. Fr. Bradley flew up the rickety black metal steps, which led to the sacristy; upon entering, he only found one server to be present.

"Good morning, Fr. Bradley," chanted an almost twelve year old red-headed lad.

"Good morning, Michael, where is your partner?"

"Don't you remember Father, David Weiss left school yesterday afternoon with the flu, and you told Sister Ann Louise that you would contact another server to serve with me."

"Oh heck! I knew there was something I had forgotten. But of course you've served by yourself, before haven't you?"

"No Father, I haven't. Father Debitz always made sure there were two of us present for each Mass."

"Well, Michael, don't let it bother you. I'm quite confident that you will do fine. By the way, Mike, why don't you light the four candles in preparation for Mass, while I vest myself?"

"They've been lit for almost fifteen minutes now, Father."

"Good boy! Would you place this cruet next to the water cruet and bring me my biretta, which I left hanging on a hook inside my confessional."

"Yes, Father."

"All right, Michael, bow to the cross and lead the way."

* * *

"Very well done, my boy, you're a much better server than you thought you were. I didn't notice a single mistake. You may leave after you've put out the candles. Thank you very much Michael."

As the obedient young server left to extinguish the candles, Fr. Bradley rapidly unvested and slopily strewed

his vestments on the shelf in front of him. He then escaped the sacristy and started across the brick-paved street on his way to the kitchen for his habitual morning cup of coffee before the eight o'clock Mass. Suddenly, he was halted in his tracks by the whiney voice of one of his elderly women parishioners.

"Good morning, Father, how are you this morning?"

"Hello, Mrs. Peterson, I'm just fine, and yourself?"

"Well Father, I'm afraid that I'm not feeling so well today. I've been having headaches lately, and I don't know what causes them. George took me to see Dr. Gilson last night, but the Doctor couldn't find a thing wrong with me. I told George on the way home. I said, "George, I didn't believe that Doctor Gilson is a very capable M.D. And George said "

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Peterson, but you'll have to excuse me. I simply must make an urgent phone call several minutes before seven; it is ten till seven right now. I'll see you tomorrow morning, Mrs. Peterson; be sure to give my regards to Fred."

As Father Bradley cleverly escaped the clutches of Mrs. Peterson, he muttered something about women being the root of all evil. At last he entered the sun-lit kitchen, set a coffee stained cup on the table, plugged in the coffee pot, brought the morning paper in off the

porch, and joyfully settled down to hot coffee and the ever-changing world.

Just after finishing the last sip of liquid, the telephone rang. Father Bradley reluctantly pulled himself away from the paper in order to answer it. The innocent caller only wished to know if confessions would be heard before the next Mass; after replying that they would be, he laid the receiver upon his cluttered desk and anxiously returned to the society page.

At a quarter till eight, the milkman accidentally clanged the milk bottles together, while delivering a half gallon to the back porch of the rectory. Father



Bradley glanced up annoyed at being disturbed again; however, he soon realized that he was already late for confessions. He rapidly unplugged the coffee pot,

grabbed another cool cruet from the refrigerator, and dashed for the confessional.

Father Bradley entered the box and flicked on the light. He put on his stole and he bowed his head trying to collect his thoughts. Presently he heard a young man whisper:

"Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It has been three weeks since my last confession. I accuse myself of: inconveniencing others by constantly arriving late for scheduled appointments. I am selfish and think only of myself lying in order to avoid unpleasant situations. For these and all of the sins of my past life, I beg pardon of God, penance and absolution of you, Father."

The priest spoke with bowed head, "A person who will lie will also cheat and steal. When you arrive late for a scheduled appointment, you must realize that you are cheating those, who are awaiting your arrival, of precious time, which God has given them for some specific reason. Remember, it is a sin to waste your time; however, it is far worse to waste the time of those who depend upon you. By accepting unpleasant situations willingly, you are able to gain the extra graces of Almighty God, which will be of absolute importance when you stand before Him at the Last Judgement. For your penance, say ten Our Father's

and Hail Mary's for the intention of Our Holy Father. Now make a good act of contrition."

"Oh my God, I'm heartily sorry for having offended Thee, and I detest my sins —

"Ego te absolve"

Jack Miller

(continued from page 9)
of rather rigid segregation." John re-emphasized a main plank in his platform when he offered the DMU viewpoints as an opportunity for us to become more aware of the world around us.

John's speech was followed by the vice-presidential election. Jim Fisher took the vote and was at once called to the floor to give his acceptance speech. After he thanked the assembly for the vice-presidency, which is primarily the organization and co-ordination of the viewpoint program.

Finally the special program for the meeting was provided by Rich Kolega and Barry Fischer. They presented an interesting program based on their recent trip to South America. This past summer they both went to Arequipa, Peru in co-operation with PACE (Peruvian American Council for Educational Exchange). Each of them mentioned that they had gained a lot from this experience that they could not have gotten otherwise.

THE LITURGY A RENEWAL AT ST. JOE'S

The aggiornamento, the modernization of the Catholic Church in relationship to this ever-changing world, has brought a major change to the liturgy throughout the world. St. Joe's experienced the first major demonstration of this new liturgy on Sunday, September 20, during the 10:45 Mass. While in its entirety this is a relatively novel thing for most of us, this new form of celebrating Mass represents a milestone in the work and discussion of the best liturgical minds of the Church during the past few years.

The predominant element in the new Mass is lay participation to be exercised and the forms this is to take, ours was set along the pattern formulated by the 25th Annual Liturgical Week, held in St. Louis last August. Before Mass, each person wishing to receive Holy Communion placed a host in one of the ciboriums at the entrances of the chapel. At the beginning of the Offertory, several laymen carry the ciboriums to the celebrant. Fr. Robbins celebrated the entire Mass facing the congregation. To establish procedure, Fathers Heiman and Kostka assumed the respective roles of commentator and lector. In the future, both of these duties will be performed by a lay-

man. The lector recites the Epistle and the Gospel to the congregation in English, as the celebrant reads them privately. During the Offertory the commentator chants in English the Offertory Litany, a collection of prayers adapted to the needs of our own particular time and place. After each invocation the choir and congregation together replied, "Lord, have mercy." During the entrance of the celebrant from the main aisle and during his exit, the congregation sang English hymns. They recited together with him in Latin the Gloria, the Credo, the Sanctus, and the Domine, non Sum Dignus.

All this is a stepping-stone to the next milestone in liturgical evolution--the vernacular Mass. The culmination will never be reached until the people can understand the liturgy, appreciate it, and apply it to their daily lives.

Bob Cassey

(continued from page 14)

entire raft was submerged more than two inches. I once went an entire afternoon without getting hit. (Ed: The author here must exaggerate or he was hiding under the raft.) After only one hour of this, even old diehards like myself had to give up and retreat to shallower waters to build sandcastles (the new rage for non-aquatic mongies).

OUT OF THE TRASHCAN!



Dear Readers,

Once again the mighty PULSE is rolling off the presses. And here again is that dreaded column which strikes terror and confusion into the hearts of those certain mongies who are always pulling some idiotic stunt. Following in the gargantuan footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, Fats, I have selected a title worthy of this article and have already formulated a spy system that may make the indomitable James Bond tremble in his boots. Many of the best episodes of Xavier life end up in the trash can; and, accordingly, that will be the source of much of the material for this column.

Much has happened since the last issue of PULSE, so I shall select only the highlights of the past summer. One of the most notable pieces of trash found in the junk pile was a certain mysterious leather capsule which visited St. Joe's in the last week of July. It was certainly heart-warming to see all those generous civic-minded seminarians combing the east fields in search of the missing instruments from the wrecked

capsule. Maybe the fictitious fifty dollar reward had something to do with it??? Even some of those who are now at the Novitiate seemed to fall for the gag. See, Linus, it's a good thing you didn't stay out searching all night. It's only fair to let the novices know who the joker was that thought of the whole thing, but I wouldn't want Raterman to get into any trouble. (Cf. Catilinian orations.)

If anyone is looking for a good steady job in their spare time, try starting an accident insurance business. Jerry Svitek (my comrade artist) has been suffering a whopper of a hangover from his first and last truck ride with Wild Don Knueve. Bimo and Flash are planning to install seat belts in their swivel chairs. Maybe we can raise enough money to buy them crash helmets too. But we should look at the bright side also. Think of the poor fifth years in the study hall below if Knueve ever fell off his chair!

Speaking of our bigger assets, if anyone sees an immeasurable expanse wearing an Indian blanket - Fear not; it is only Mount Ivacic.

Good old Nick Potts, Mr. Hentschel never did find out that you spilled that bucket of black enamel paint all over the floor of the carpenter shop. Let's hope he doesn't read PULSE.

Did you know that we have two aspiring actors in our midst. Sudy and Patterson made a gallant attempt to finagle their way into the Columbian Players presentation of Becket. And they succeeded. We'll be watching for you fellows. Congratulations.

Jim Gettig is very proud of the doll he made for the Homecoming display, but don't you think that taking it to bed every night is going a little too far?

That about empties the trash can for this time. But wait till next time. Remember, your best friend may be a fink!

Written by Jim Fisher
Art by Jerry Svitek

(Continued from page 12)

"Sure kid, sure. I've... I've decided to make you my chauffeur. You drive, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir! Wow, a chauffeur! Thanks a lot, Sir."

"That's all right kid. Here are the keys. Go to the garage and bring my car around. I'll give you a test."

"Yes, Sir!" Fred, beaming with excitement, ran around to get the car.

"Boss, who was that?" asked Collins.

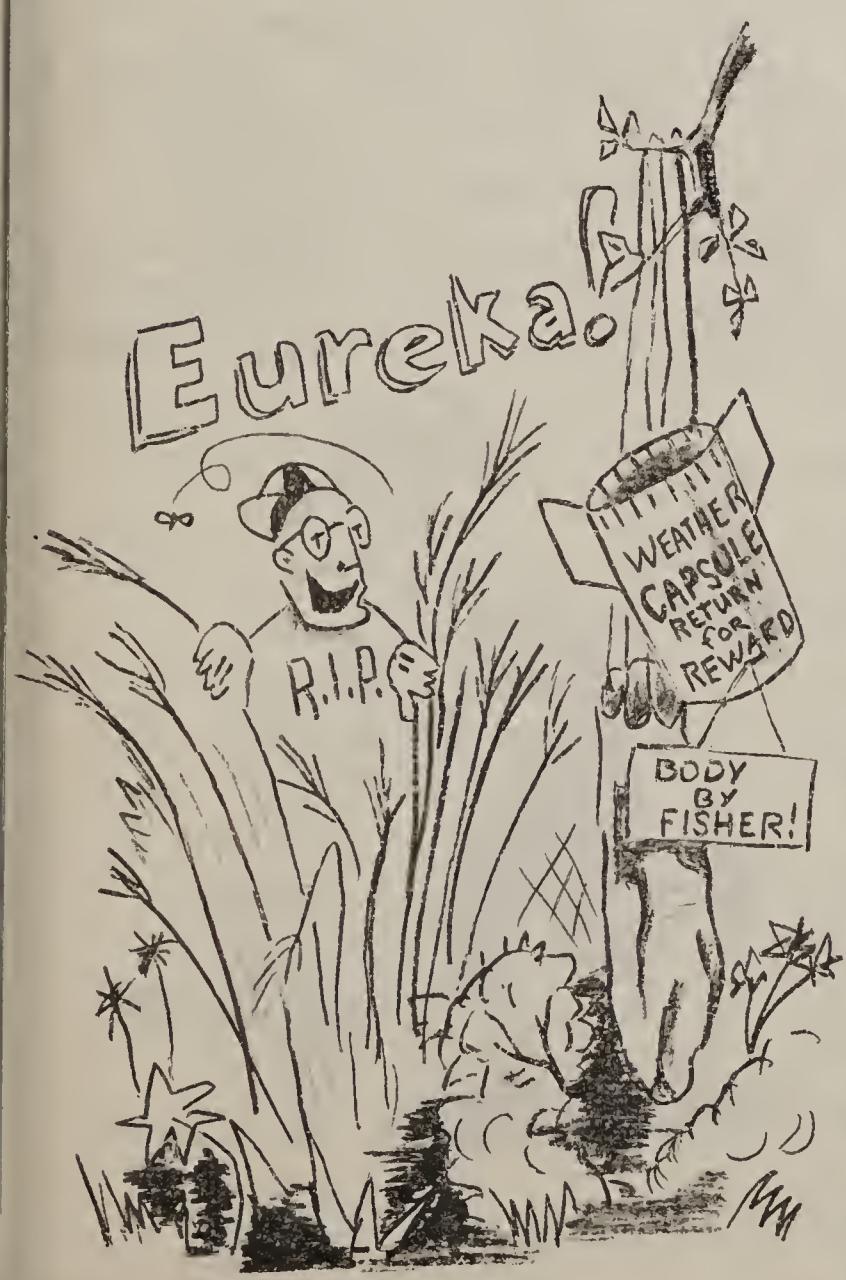
"That kid wants to be big time. He'll never make it. He's as big a fool as his father was. I guess this finally settles things with me and his old man. Someone just called and said that there was a bomb planted in my car."

* * *

John heard an explosion as he turned into Stone's large driveway. He sped up the drive, jumped out of the car and ran in the direction from which the explosion had come. Entering the smoky garage, he saw his nephew lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

"Fred, Fred!" John screamed as he supported him in his arms.

"Uncle John," gasped Fred. "tell Mother her wish was granted."



Sportingly

IM

The intramural activities this year are on a wider scale than ever before and the Xavierites have their hands in on the happenings.

Monday, Sept. 28, was a great start for the Xavier Hall "Mongies" in intramural sports. The Xavierites out-rolled all competition, easily winning the first three contests, then pulling the final twenty fellow collegians into the pond. There are ten men on each team and the representatives for the "Mongies" were Fisher, Goudeaux, Ivacic, Knueve, Martin, Immacht, Simon, Srode, Stith, and Newbauer as captain. The teams which Xavier Hall rolled against were two teams from East Seifert Hall, two teams from Gaspar Hall, and Hall in the final round.

John Martin

* * *

The IM football team adds a amount of brains to the list of brawn as Mike Gude leads the team of Bruns, Cassa, Gowney, Hiegel, Ivacic, Alatesta, Martin, Potts, Sieben, Srode, Stith, and Zimmerle. In its first pre-tournament game the "Mongies" showed their stuff as they topped Gallagher Hall 20-0. The "Mongies" are rated to end up in fourth place at the end of the tournament.

Mr. Ivacic is the man who

is co-ordinating the IM program for Xavier Hall and whom we can thank for the good start this year.

The XI (Xavier Incorporated) teams are already fighting on the football fields with a couple day's play behind them. The captains are listed in the order that the editor has predicted for the end of the season: Zimmerle (G), Sieben (A), Sonderman (E), Gowney (F), Meyer (D), Walro (C), and Monnin (B). No matter what the prediction for first place, the fun and enjoyment is had for the taking with a little spirit and effort.

As organizer of the XI football league, Mike Zimmerle is doing a fine and much appreciated job and he will, no doubt, keep the ball rolling (over all tempers and charley horses).

Harry Hiegel



What's Up?

O 3 Homecoming, no classes, ~~noon~~, SJC vs. Evansville.
 C 5 "The Creative Use of Leisure," Father Panly.
 T 11 Silent Sunday.
 O 12 "The Integration of Knowledge," Father Shea.
 B 13 Book Discussion, A Separate Peace, Halleck Center.
 E 17 Football, SJC vs. Butler
 R 18 DMU Meeting, (7:45 A.M.), Beginning of Triduum of Saint Gaspar, (through the 20th).
 19 Departmental Orientation.
 20 Lecture, Dr. Priestly, "America's Role in the Age of Change."
 21 Feast of Saint Gaspar del Bufalo, no classes, Solemn High Mass.
 25 Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ the King.
 26 Departmental Orientation.
 29 Fine Arts Series, Sestetto di Bolzano, Chamber Music.
 31 Football, SJC vs. Findlay, (1:30 P.M.), Halloween party.
 * * *

N 1 Feast of All Saints, Solemn High Mass, Hand Caravan of Music, The Serendipity Singers, and the Oscar Peterson Trio.
 2 Commemoration of All the Faithful Departed, Solemn Requiem Mass, "The Search for Truth," Father Maziarz.
 3 Lecture, Dr. Henry Bugbee, Jr., visiting lecturer on philosophy, title to be announced.
 7 Football, SJC vs. Indiana State, (2:30 P.M.).
 9 Fine Arts Series, National Players, Hamlet.
 15 DMU meeting, (7:45).
 16 "The Christian Commitment," Father Bierberg and Mr. Wood.
 17 Book Discussion, The Violent Bear It Away.
 19, 20, 21 Columbian Players' Production, Anouilh's Becket.
 25 Thanksgiving recess begins at noon.
 26 Thanksgiving Day, party in the "X?"
 29 First Sunday of Advent, INTRODUCTION OF THE ENGLISH MASS, beginning of the Novena to the Immaculate Conception, (through the 7th).
 30 Classes resume at 8:00 A.M., "The Community of Scholars: The Ideal and the Real," Dr. Barton, beginning of the Triduum of Saint Francis Xavier.

• Indicates Dean's Lecture Series (see page 15).

